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Thesis

NEW ENGLAND CHARACTERISTICS
IN THE STORIES OF SARAH ORNE JEWETT

by

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Introduction

The purpose of this thesis is to show that through environment and influences in her early life Sarah Orne Jewett was able to portray in her stories typical New England men and women of the last half of the nineteenth century. It further aims to show that among other qualities Miss Jewett brings out in these homely people their characteristic qualities of courage, reticence, endurance, pride and loyalty.

The method has been an interesting one of reading all Miss Jewett's published works and consulting all available material -- books, magazines, newspaper articles and letters -- in which mention of Miss Jewett was made.

I Sarah Orne Jewett: Her Life

Background

As early as 1627 English immigrants, attracted by good water power near the coast and a great salmon fishery, famous among the Indians, settled in what is now the village of South Berwick, Maine, the birthplace of Sarah Orne Jewett. The first settlement was started at the head of the Piscataqua River, about twelve miles above Portsmouth. Just below the village the Piscataqua joins the Salmon and the two flow as one wide, navigable stream to the sea. Above the village was the salmon fishery and beyond that the falls that could be heard at times like the sound of the ocean. The banks of the two rivers as they followed their peaceful course were bordered by dark pines and hemlocks and green, sloping meadow lands.

Early in its history ship building became the important occupation of the people in the community. Sarah's own grandfather was part owner of most of the ships launched from the shipyard not far from the Jewett home.

In the middle of the nineteenth century South Berwick was a typical, unspoiled New England village. On one of its main streets stood, during days of the Revolution, a large white house built in Colonial style. It was said that it had taken three men a hundred days to do the wood carving in the hall. The block paper on its walls had been brought over from England, as had most of its mahogany furniture, the Adam mirrors and the willow pattern and Lowestoft in the breakfast room. The house, a hundred years old when Dr. Jewett bought his bride home to it, is still standing today. It was in this house that Sarah Orne Jewett was born on September 3, 1849, and although she spent the first years of her childhood

in the house next door, she always thought of this as home.

Theodore Harmon Jewett, Sarah's father, was the second son of Sarah Orne and Captain Theodore Furber Jewett. Caring nothing for the life of the sea, he "took to his book" and was graduated from Bowdoin College and Jefferson Medical School. He was made Professor of Obstetrics at Bowdoin; his contributions to scientific journals were many and notable and for many years he was President of the Maine Medical Society. "From his father he had inherited a wide knowledge of human nature and from a strain of French blood in his mother's ancestry a lightness and gaiety of heart. Through all the heavy responsibilities and duties of his professional life and the steady drain on his energy he remained amazingly young, even boyish."¹ At twenty-seven he married Caroline Frances Perry, the daughter of his former teacher, and settled down to practice in his home town of Berwick.

¹ F. O. Matthiesson -- Sarah Orne Jewett -- pg. 13

Early Years

Sarah, second of three daughters born to the Jewetts, was not a sickly child but neither could she be called a rugged, healthy girl. Only at intervals during her early childhood did she attend the village school. She liked to read and to write verses, but she was given to long childish illnesses and to instant drooping when she was shut up in school.

Her father knew that the quick mind could easily make up absences from school and so she was often his companion on long drives about the country. She says, "His visits to his patients were often made delightful and refreshing to them by his kind heart and the charm of his personality. I knew many of them who lived on lonely farms inland or on the sea coast in York and Wells. I used to follow him about silently like an undemanding little dog, content to follow at his heels. I had no consciousness of watching or listening, or indeed of any special interest in the country interiors. In fact when the time came that my own world of imagination was more real to me than any other, I was sometimes perplexed at my father's directing my attention to certain points of interest in the character or surroundings of our acquaintances. I cannot help believing that he recognized, long before I did myself, in what direction the current of purpose in my life was setting. Now, as I write up my sketches of country life, I remember again and again the wise things he said and the sights he made me see. He was impatient only with affectation and insincerity."¹

¹ H. P. Spofford -- A Little Book of Friends -- pp. 22-23

It is evident that what little Sarah may have lost in the way of formal schooling was more than made up for on these jaunts. Sometimes the waits outside a patient's house were long. When they wore, the little girl could always find something to interest her while she was unconsciously drinking in the beauty of the landscape. In her love of nature she was her father's own daughter. Her knowledge of birds and trees and flowers came from daily association, and animals she loved because they needed her love if they were sick, or because they were so beautiful if well.

Perhaps the best waits were at those houses where the Doctor's daughter was known and welcomed. In these homes she gained much of the intimate knowledge of country people with whom she later filled her books. Here she had an unusual opportunity to touch reality, "to become acquainted with primal fears and hopes, toil and sorrow in homes where birth, disease and death were the inevitable facts of life and contentment was externally on guard waiting for grim nature's next move. Information gained at this time developed in her a profound respect for human courage and human kindness. Women stricken with great anxiety could put aside grief to speak lightly to the young girl, showing her unconsciously the power of self control and endurance developed by tragic experience."¹

"Miss Jewett's visits with her father was a chance to see New England character with its defenses down, and it is to the credit of the characters not only of the country side but of Miss Jewett, that the more she saw the more she seemed to respect her townspeople and the people of

¹ M. H. Shackford: Sarah Orne Jewett in The Sewanee Review, January 1922
pg. 2

her stateSo when she began to write she had her purpose in hand, to interpret this character to an outside world whose experience as summer boarders had been too much for illusion and not enough for understanding. She told only what she chose to tell, but this she told honestly and completely."¹

Pinny, as she was nicknamed because she was so straight and thin and her head no bigger than a pin's, was a sociable child. She was popular with the children of the neighborhood and with her friends at Berwick Academy. With her sister Mary, two years older, and Caroline, six years younger, there were many happy hours at home where early lessons in unselfishness and self discipline prevented the usual petty quarreling and jealousy expected of average sisters.

In her eleventh year Sarah lost a valued friend, companion and hero in Captain Jewett, but she always kept rich memories of him and the exciting tales he told. She delighted in the elderly captains who came to report on their voyages and stopped to dine with her grandfather. Many of their yarns of great storms on the Atlantic and winds that blew them north about are to be found later in her sketches.

The most significant event of her early years was the outbreak of the Civil War shortly after her grandfather's death. It brought great changes in the town itself and in the character of its townspeople, changes that Sarah was not thoroughly awakened to at the time. Shipping had long since ceased to be of any importance. It had left the harbor for more

¹May L. Becker: Golden Tales of New England--pg. 29

prosperous ports. Now and then a vessel brought some freight up the river, but the village itself had become just an up country station connected by rail with Lawrence and Lynn. The textile mill started at Salmon Falls drew cheap labor which destroyed the beauty and charm of the little village, not only by erecting cheap houses, but by heartlessly and ruthlessly cutting down ancient trees, landmarks for centuries, to make room for factory buildings. The village folk were gradually crowded out by these Irish immigrants but they clung grimly to their stony farms and old fishing shacks eking out their daily bread cheered only by a memory of the past. "A woman was counted lucky if she could find a husband in the dwindling countryside, and her son was also lucky if he could land a job in the mill along with the foreigners, and didn't have to shoulder a lean pack, and take the cars for the West. Sarah Jewett was growing up in a period of decline. The village's proud feeling of self-sufficiency was gone forever."¹

Not long after her twentieth year Sarah awoke to the fact that the New England of her favorite authors, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Cooke and James Russell Lowell, was rapidly becoming a New England of tradition only, and that the New England of even her own childhood before the War was passing, if not already gone. Her own town that had once been such a thriving inland port with busy wharves and merchants, with courtly society in richly furnished homes was now pathetic in its decay. Yet survivals of this aristocracy were to be found in families trying to keep up the best traditions and culture of manners.

¹F. O. Matthiessen: Sarah Orne Jewett -- pp. 20-21

With these changes came another of equal, if not greater significance. Long before 1870 a new social movement had started in America, one that brought great and sudden changes to rustic life. The summer boarder arrived in great numbers in her native Berwick and Sarah was at first filled with resentment at the way they misunderstood the country people and laughed at their peculiarities. Next she was filled with fear that the townspeople and country people would never understand one another nor learn to profit from their new relationship. She felt a desire to show to the world the true Yankee, not the caricatured Yankee of earlier fiction, but the grand, simple person that he was.

Up to this time Sarah had had several literary ventures. Her first ideas were expressed in verse because it seemed easier. The Girl With the Cannon Dresses and The Shipwrecked Buttons, both children's stories were accepted for magazine publication, the latter by Riverside. In 1869 Mr. Bruce was accepted by James T. Fields for the eminent Atlantic Monthly. All of these works were written above the name of Alice Eliot which the author kept for several years, until, emboldened by success, she admitted her literary works.

During these early years of adventuring in writing she had the kindly advice and interest of several important men -- Horace Scudder, editor of Riverside, James T. Fields, editor of The Atlantic Monthly, William Dean Howells who carried on the correspondence for The Atlantic Monthly, Professor Theophilus Parsons of Harvard whom she met one day at Wells and, most important of all, her father. It is impossible to over estimate the personality of Dr. Jewett or his deep and lasting influence on his daughter. "Dr. Jewett inherited from his father, the East India

merchant, his amazing knowledge of human nature, and from his French maternal ancestry that *gaiete de coeur* that never deserted him. Miss Jewett herself had much of his spiritual nature and his warm sympathy. Her attitude towards the men and women of her books always seems to me much like that of an understanding physician although added to it is that quite feminine archness that supplies friendly humor. There is also in her, to a marked degree the Gaelic lucidity of thought and style that characterizes so many of the French masters. Like most young people, Miss Jewett at the beginning of her teens had the usual desire to write highly imaginative romances, but her father constantly pressed upon her the necessity -- almost the moral obligation -- to write only what she saw."¹

Had she been stronger it is possible that Sarah might have followed her father's profession. Always his admirer, she was now able to talk to him on almost any subject. His books, papers and medicines she knew thoroughly and not a corner of his mind was foreign to her. That she had an instinctive power of discernment and helpfulness and that she once expressed a wish to give up everything and study medicine is true, but Sarah Orne Jewett was too frail a girl to become a doctor.

With her literary career definitely decided upon she settled down to work in earnest and in 1877 Deephaven, her first book, was published. Praises of it were sent to her from all parts of the country but the one she treasured most was the note from John Greenleaf Whittier:

¹ Esther Forbes: Sarah Orne Jewett, The Apostle of New England, in The Boston Evening Transcript, May 16, 1925.

Dear Friend:

I must thank thee for thy admirable book 'Deephaven'. I have given several copies to friends, all of whom appreciate it highly, and I have just been reading it over for the third time. I know of nothing better in our literature of the kind, though it recalls Miss Mitford's 'Our Village' and 'The Chronicles of Carlingford'. I heartily congratulate thee on thy complete success and am

Very truly thy friend,
John Greenleaf Whittier

She was naturally pleased and proud that she had done something of which her family and friends were proud, but she was humble, too, and determined to study harder and take more pains in the future. The future --! Could she but foresee that in the next year her dear friend and father was to die very suddenly. With him went all her youth and irresponsible gaiety and for a while even the desire to write.

Later Years

At the age of twenty-eight Sarah Orne Jewett found herself an important figure in the American literary world. Her literary beginnings were contemporary with those of Harte, Miss Woolson and Cable, but, unlike them, she was writing about her native section, therefore she wrote, perhaps, more consistently with knowledge and sympathy. "The growing popularity of unique local settings and highly individual characters as material for fiction brought to light a new area in the much cultivated New England environment"¹-- an area that Miss Jewett, as we have seen, was well fitted to portray. Although she lived from 1849 to 1909 her imaginative life was largely concerned with life on the coast of Maine before the Civil War. Mentally she was of the last half of the nineteenth century. "I look upon that generation as the one to which I really belong -- I was brought up with grandfathers and grand uncles and aunts for my best play-mates."²

Miss Jewett found "her niche virtually carved for her. All she had to do was step gracefully into it. Boston certainly raised no question about considering her a fully arrived celebrity after the appearance of Deephaven, for she was among the distinguished guests invited to Oliver Wendell Holmes' seventieth birthday party. And fortunately the impression did not stop with Boston."³

¹ F. L. Pattee.: The Development of the American Short Story -- pg. 259

² Letter to Mrs. Whitman, So. Berwick -- 1894-1895

³ F. O. Matthiesson.: Sarah Orne Jewett -- pp. 62-63

At twenty-eight Sarah Jewett was also a beautiful woman. She had a slender dignity of bearing and the head "no bigger than a pin's"¹ was crowned with lovely chestnut hair. Her friends spoke of her sparkling charm and piquant grace, her delicate refinement and cordial simplicity. Harriet Spofford in A Little Book of Friends, says, "Perhaps it is this foreign strain (French) which lent such an attraction to her manner, a manner that combined a height of delicate refinement and cordial artlessness which both fired your fancy and warmed your heart. When you saw her lofty carriage, her dark eyes, her high-bred and beautiful features, you remembered the royal significance of her name in Scripture -----."

One day when she was visiting Whittier he asked her rather abruptly, "'Sarah, was thee ever in love?' She answered with a rush of color, 'No! Whatever made you think that?' And Mr. Whittier said, 'No, I thought not.'"² Although she was of a very affectionate nature, it seems unlikely that she ever thought of marriage for herself. In A Country Doctor she probably speaks of herself when she says of Anna Prince -- "the law of her nature is that she must live alone and work alone." And later in a letter to Willa Cather -- "And to write and work on this level, we must live on it -- we must at least recognize and defer to it at every step... To work in silence and with all one's heart, that is the writer's lot, he is the only artist who must be a solitary, and yet needs the widest outlook upon the world." Even in her stories the "love she portrays between man and woman is usually a thing remembered, already lavender scented, passed beyond the power to hurt or delight."³

¹ F. O. Matthiessen: Sarah Orne Jewett-- pg. 72

² F. O. Matthiessen: Sarah Orne Jewett-- pg. 72

³ Esther Forbes: Sarah Orne Jewett, The Apostle of New England in The Boston Evening Transcript, May 16, 1925



The outlet which her generous, sympathetic and affectionate nature required was found during her early years in the companionship with her father; and now, when she needed help and inspiration so much, in Mrs. Annie Fields.

In 1881 James T. Fields, the most noted publisher in America, died. For some years before his death, Sarah, through her association with the Atlantic, had been a frequent visitor in their lovely Georgian house at 148 Charles Street. It was here that she often met Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, James Russell Lowell and other prominent literary figures. Mrs. Fields and Miss Jewett were drawn together by a bond of sympathy. Sarah had recently lost her father -- and although Mrs. Fields was fifteen years older there began a close friendship that was to last all of their lives and mean so much to Sarah.

This relationship meant a much fuller life. There were several trips to Europe where they met Tennyson, the Arnolds, Christina Rossetti and later Mrs. Huxley and the Humphry Wards in London, and Du Maurier and Madame Blanc in Paris. Madame Blanc translated a book of Miss Jewett's stories into French and persuaded her to contribute others to the Revue des Deux Mondes. There were delightful cruises with the Aldriches on their yacht, Hermione, and shorter trips to New York where the company of these two charming ladies was much in demand. At a tea and exhibition of "Sargent's portraits, where thirteen hundred people crowded in, the newspapers reported it under the headline Tea More Popular Than Paintings, and not only recounted that Mrs. Fields 'was in a black velvet gown relieved by a bit of exquisite lace and carried a bunch of violets', and that Miss Jewett 'likewise was in black and wore a large, effective black hat with

many nodding plumes'; but went on to regale their readers with such items as that when one gaunt countrywoman was asked by her niece to buy a catalogue, she simply asked in astonishment, 'What for?' and that when an attendant apologized to another woman for keeping her waiting so long for her cup, she had cheerfully answered: 'Oh, don't hurry, pray don't. I have always wanted to see dear Mrs. Fields near to, and isn't Miss Jewett a picture?'"¹

But to Berwick Sarah always returned with the joy of being home and with a sure feeling of belonging. She once declared that she never felt prouder or had more the sense of owning or being owned than when some old resident met her and said, "You're one of the Doctor's girls, ain't ye?"² She loved having her friends come to Berwick, for she felt that once they had spent the night under her roof, they never went away, "which makes an old house very different from a new one."³ And nearly all her friends came here at one time or another to visit her. It was from Berwick also that most of her letters were written, letters that were collected and edited after her death by Annie Fields.

Sarah found herself sustained and heartened in her devotion to her friend. They were almost constantly together in Berwick, Boston, or at Mrs. Fields' home in Manchester-by-the-Sea. By far the most important result of this union was the fact that each was an inspiration to the other. Sarah began writing again after the friendship had matured. From A Country

¹ F. O. Matthiesson.: Sarah Orne Jewett -- pp. 85-86

² F. O. Matthiesson.: Sarah Orne Jewett -- pp. 84

³ Letter to Sara Norton, So. Berwick, 20th March 1902

Doctor to the Story of the Normans, representing the majority of her books, were written during seventeen years of their companionship and travel together. In 1896, at the age of forty-seven, The Country of the Pointed Firs, undoubtedly her best work, was published. Of it Willa Cather writes: "If I were asked to name three American books which have the possibility of a long life I would say at once, The Scarlet Letter, Huckleberry Finn, and The Country of the Pointed Firs. I can think of no others that confront time and change so serenely."¹

In 1901, the same year in which The Tory Lover, her only novel, was published, Bowdoin College awarded her the first Litt. D. it had ever bestowed on a woman. After the Commencement, she wrote to Mrs. Fields: "I have so much to tell that my pen stutters. You can't think how nice it was to be the single sister of so many brothers at Bowdoin, walking in the procession in cap and gown and Doctor's hood, and being fetched by a marshal to the President, to sit on the platform with the Board of Overseers and the Trustees, also the Chief Justice and all the Judges of the Supreme Court, who were in session in Portland, or somewhere near by! And being welcomed by the President in a set speech as the only daughter of Bowdoin, and rising humbly to make the best bow she could. And what was most touching was the old chaplain of the day who spoke about father in his "bidding prayer", and said those things of him which were all true. And your S O J applauded twice by so great an audience! ... Mary was dear and lovely, and the great day was hers as much as mine, as you will know."²

Willa Cather:

¹ Preface to The Best Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett

² Letter to Mrs. Fields, So. Berwick, June, 1901

Miss Jewett's health, never good, failed her several times during these years. She suffered frequently from eyestrain and shortly after her mother's death she was down with pneumonia. Now in 1901 while she was taking some friends to drive she was thrown from the carriage as it lurched sharply. For weeks she was hardly able to move. To T. B. A. when she was able she wrote, "Perhaps you haven't heard what bad days I have fallen upon-- or rather that I fell upon too hard a road the first of last month. I was thrown out of a high wagon and hurt my head a good deal and concussioned my spine, so that I am still not very well mended, and have to ~~stay~~ in bed or lie down nearly all the time." And to Mr. Howells, "You will both know how hard it is not to go to Mrs. Fields -- but after all these weeks I am still in my room."

She recovered enough from this accident to visit occasionally with her friends in Berwick and less often with those in Boston. During the next few years she read a great deal and carried on, through correspondence, an interchange of thoughts with all her friends. She was even able to edit the letters of a friend, Mrs. Whitman, who died in 1904, but she could not stand the strain of any long work, because the loss of balance, an effect of the accident, kept recurring. During a visit to Mrs. Fields she suffered a stroke from which she never recovered, but when she was able to be moved, she was brought back to the house where she was born and hoped to die, "leaving the lilac bushes still green and growing, and all the chairs in their places."¹ Here she lingered but a short time. Sarah Orne Jewett died on the twenty-fourth of June, 1909.

¹ H. P. Spofford: A Little Book of Friends - pg. 26

II Sarah Orne Jewett: Her Short Stories

Miss Jewett's successful literary endeavors are in the field of the short story. One attempt at novel writing showed that she was not at her best in a long piece requiring sustained interest. With that one exception, The Tory Lover, she kept to the type of writing for which she was best suited.

Any study of her stories must recognize the fact that they do not conform to any set of short story rules. "With her, a short story was not, as with Poe, a deliberate thing of form, of impression, of effect upon the reader: It was a sympathetic study in individuality."¹ Plot, as such, except in Law Lane and An Only Son hardly exists and the situations are so simple as to have little or no dramatic interest. Her characters are the simple people that she knew and loved and her stories center more often around them than around actions leading to a climax. She wrote with real characters in mind, real characters against a background of the native pointed-fir country of which she was so fond.

Of The Country of the Pointed Firs sketches, Mr. Quinn says they are -- "Drawn with the pencil of insight, colored by the genius of sympathy, retouched by the loving care of memory, and set in a background of sky and sea which Miss Jewett has made her own, they are triumphs of the art of fiction."²

She was of New England ancestry, birth and training and although she travelled and knew well many other parts of the world, her home was a New England village and she always kept it there. The atmosphere of her

1 F. L. Pattee: The Development of the American Short Story -- pg. 262

2 A. H. Quinn: American Fiction: An Historical and Critical Survey --pg. 328

books is the atmosphere she breathed. While her pictures are faithful to the environment she portrays she is not dominated by her material as some local colorists are. "In general it may be said that the moment when local color becomes an end in itself, when a writer begins to study it as a really determinative factor in his final product, then he foredooms his work to pettiness."¹ Her characters are framed by local interest but not governed by it.

Weather as shown in the following quotation from Mr. Chapman's article on The New England of Sarah Orne Jewett is a strong factor in this New England environment. Miss Jewett was fully aware of its significance and its importance in relation to the local color interest of her stories.

"Weather plays so large a part in New England life, there is so much of it to the square mile that a genuine love of weather for its own sake is needful to any sympathetic acquaintance with the face of the country. This Miss Jewett felt in a high degree. Then, too, this weather, largely interpreted, has played no inconsiderable part in the development of New England character. It has represented an ever present condition--generally a hard one -- which needs to be patiently endured or ingeniously turned to account. This, also, she has realized and made much of; indeed, she has gone so far as to develop an almost mystic sense for the symbolic nature of the seasons. Her characters may come upon the scene hand in hand

1 E. M. Chapman: The New England of Sarah Orne Jewett in The Yale Review, October 1913

with trouble or humourously rejoicing in modest success. But whether pinched by the cold of winter and poverty like the two gently bred sisters in The Town Poor or lying dead in the lovely April night like Miss Tempy, these creatures of her brain seem to rule their fate and retain the mastery of their souls."¹

Sarah Orne Jewett wrote realistically but sympathetically of her Maine neighbors. In her stories there is no realistic setting forth of rustic squalor, although degeneracy exists in New England hamlets as in most rural communities. She looked at nature in its milder moods and at mankind in its more subdued state of tenderness and resignation, but she did not live in an unreal paradise. She was aware of all these aspects, she simply did not emphasize them. Hers is a transfigured New England, a New England with all its roughness and coarseness and sordidness refined away, the New England, no doubt her eyes actually saw. In a letter to T. B. A., she says" -- the trouble with most realism is that it isn't seen from any point of view at all, and so its shadows fall in every direction and it fails of being art."²

"There are two main kinds of character -- those which change and those which do not change. In the short story, if we are denied the spice of character development, we demand something unique in the

1 E. M. Chapman: The New England of Sarah Orne Jewett in The Yale Review, October 1913

2 Letter to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, So. Berwick, 1890

character or in the situation."¹ In Miss Jewett's stories, the characters do not change, but our conception of them grows as the story progresses. They are unique but not peculiar. If they were merely peculiar or eccentric they would have no permanent place in literature nor in the interest of readers. "Their peculiar traits and customs are there not for themselves, but for the purpose of bringing out by contrast or harmony some universal trait or fundamental truth of human nature."²

In The Country of the Pointed Firs, Captain Littlepage is a character whose mind has been overset by too much reading. Given to spells of some unexplainable nature, we catch in his ramblings glimpses of Miss Jewett's own beliefs -- "It was a dog's life, but it made men of those who followed it. I see a change for the worse even in our poor town here; full of loafers now, small and poor as 't is, who once would have followed the sea, every lazy soul of 'em I view it, in addition that a community narrows down and grows dreadful ignorant when it is shut up to its own affairs, and gets no knowledge of the outside world except from a cheap, unprincipled newspaper. There's no large-minded way of thinking now: the worst have got to be best and rule everything; we're all turned upside down and going back year by year."

Poor Joanna, another curious character, was crossed in love and retired from the world to spend her days on Shell Heap Island. "'Yes,' said Mrs. Todd after a moment's meditation, 'there was certain a good many

1 E. M. Albright: The Short Story: Its Principles and Structure --pg. 105

2 E. M. Albright: The Short Story: Its Principles and Structure --pg.106

curiosities of human nature in this neighborhood years ago. There was more energy then, and in some the energy took a singular turn.'"

Mrs. Todd's own brother, William, even in her day, was a person different from his fellowmen. Living with his mother on Green Island, his shy, retiring nature calls attention not so much to himself as to his kind, sympathetic mother and his brisk, energetic sister, a shrewd commentator on the life of her day.

The characters are of necessity mostly women, forlorn, feminine survivals of a transition period. In the New England of that day, the old maid was a typical person. Her friends were widows of long standing, old wife gossips and housewives on isolated farms and off coast islands. Men, except for ancient sea captains, old fishermen and an occasional minister do not have an important place in the stories. In The Country of the Pointed Firs we see how men play second fiddle in woman's eyes. Man as a boy, lover, husband, brother, father or friend with his somewhat obtrusive personality as an honest, well-meaning, forceful creature is shown as filling up woman's mental background. It is the woman who decides, arranges and criticises her own life and the lives of her friends, enemies and relatives.

In her characters Miss Jewett sees only the heroic. About them she tells the truth, but not the whole truth, because she overlooks all evidence of violence, passion, anger and hatred, reporting only things

lovely and of good report. "Now and then she paints a sordid and unlovely nature, narrow and even cruel in its selfishness as in A Landless Farmer and The Failure of David Berry. She was not blind to the worthless,

degenerate side of New England life as we find in The Courting of Sister Wisby and Miss Debby's Neighbors, but she emphasized the hopefulness and promise of human life."¹

She felt that misery and poor breeding were not important in fiction. In the preface to the 1893 edition of Deephaven she says -- "There will also exist that other class of country people who preserve the best traditions of culture and of manners, from some divine inborn instinct toward what is simplest and best and purest, who know the best because they are of kin to it. Human nature is the same the world over, provincial and rustic influences must ever produce much the same effects upon character, and town life will ever have in its gift the spirit of the present, while it may take again from the quiet of the hills and fields and the conservatism of country hearts a gift from the spirit of the past."

Her characters lead their simple, inconspicuous lives without great tragedy or great joy attending them, but "they are made significant through little things, which by reiterated irritation and pain, tax the spirit of endurance and shape character."²

Early in her literary career she found her own particular field and around it set herself limits of locality, of personnel and rejectance of harsh and harrowing things. Within these bounds her sunny optimism found only the fundamental goodness of life.

She saw the strength and hardiness, the tenderness and devotion,

1 K. H. Shute: Preface to The Night Before Thanksgiving and Other Stories

2 M. H. Shackford: Sarah Orne Jewett in The Sewanee Review, January 1922--
pg. 4

the tolerance, neighborliness and the response to primal duties in her Maine folk and especially their courage, reticence, endurance, pride and loyalty. These characteristic qualities she brings out by portraying the villagers in undramatic, every-day situations. There is nothing spectacular about them or their average, simple lives. "The tissue of their existence is not external event, but the slow pondering of life and the still slower exchange of comment on it."¹

1 M. H. Shackford: Sarah Orne Jewett in The Sewanee Review, January 1922--
pg. 4

Courage

Miss Jewett shows more interest in strength than in weakness, hence courage is one of the dominant notes in her stories. With valiant spirit such characters as Mrs. Peet, Deacon Price, Nancy Floyd, Miss Porley and others meet emergencies and seem to draw from their native New England soil the strength and courage to face them.

One of the characters outstanding in her pitiful display of courage is the Widow Peet. On her way to live with nieces after being cheated out of her home by a sly nephew, her steady comments show the mind and heart of a brave woman.

"I've always desired to travel an' see somethin' o' the world, but I've got the chance now when I don't value it no great It may divert me but it won't be home. You might as well set out one o' my old apple trees on the beach, so 't could see the waves come in, -- there wouldn't be no please to it..... Well, well, dear, we'll let it be bygones, and not think of it no more."

As the train journey nears an end the comments become more cheerful, more hopeful as Mrs. Peet's spirit rises to meet this great change in her life.

"I shouldn't wonder, now, if I came to like living over to Shrewsbury first rate. I expect I shall look outlandish to 'em, but there! everybody knows me to home, an' nobody knows me to Shrewsbury; 't won't make a mite o'difference, if I take holt willin'."

In a letter to Mrs. Fields, Miss Jewett writes -- "In the meantime I will simply state that the next story is called Marsh Rosemary, and I made it up as I drove to the station in Wells this morning. It deals with real life. Somehow dear, dull old Wells is a first-rate place to find stories in. Do you remember how we drove up that long straight road across the marshes last summer? It was along there the Marsh Rosemary grew."

The story tells of a tragedy in which the great soul of a plain woman lifts into dignity. The plot is Enoch Arden reversed, but Miss Jewett illuminates the dark passages of Ann Floyd's life with the light of her unbending courage.

It is possible that in the last paragraph the author refers to her own work when she says --

"Who can laugh at my Marsh Rosemary, or who can cry, for that matter? The gray primness of the plant is made up from a hundred colors if you look close enough to find them. This Marsh Rosemary stands in her own place, and holds her dry leaves and tiny blossoms steadily toward the same sun that the pink lotus blooms for, and the white rose."

The Flight of Betsey Lane presents another type of courage. Certainly that little old lady could not be counted as fearful who, before dawn, crept out of the safe, if not always pleasant, Byfleet Poor-Farm to make a trip to the Centennial at "Pheladelphia".

Miss Jewett seldom depicts children, but one of her most poignant stories -- A White Heron -- is about a nine-year-old girl named Sylvia.

"Mr. Howells thinks that this age frowns upon the romantic, that it is no use to write romance any more; but dear me, how much of it there is left in every-day life after all. It must be the fault of the writers that such writing is dull, but what shall I do with my White Heron now she is written? She isn't a very good story, but I love her, and I mean to keep her for the beginning of my next book and the reason for Mrs. Whitman's pretty cover." ¹

In the cool, gray dawn Sylvia ventured forth on an errand quite different from Miss Betsey's, but one requiring just as much courage. A young hunter had awakened the woman's heart asleep in the child and for him she went in search of the white heron's nest. Climbing the tallest pine was

¹ Annie Fields: Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett, pg. 60

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not easy. She dared not look below until she reached the top where, for the first time she caught a glimpse of the sea, and better still, a glimpse of "the white spot of the heron like a single floating feather coming up from the dead hemlock".¹

Courage of a different kind is humourously displayed by the Dobin sisters. In the little village of Dulham their father's opinions as a minister had always been respected. They had outlived that day but they were still trying to stand firm in their lot and place "to hold the standards of the cultivated mind and elegant manners as high as possible".² With the courage of their convictions they did not hesitate to journey to Westbury for the purpose of buying some little arrangements to wear above the forehead. With fear they faced the French proprietor of the shiny new hairdressing establishment, but it must be truthfully said that their convictions were bolstered up in no small degree by their determination not to grow old. Pathetic examples of frustrate lives, it is hard to believe that these sisters could be so childishly innocent as to think that by wearing frizzes which made them look like a pair of poodle dogs, they had done their duty to society.

It is not surprising to find courage one of the chief qualities of sea captains. Through these men we are given fine descriptions of life on the open sea and the daily experiences of fishermen whose journeys out to the deep waters demand courage, hardihood and endurance. "The sea is continually in her stories, determining the life of the people dwelling at its edge and earning their livelihood from it. The fishermen who seem

1 Sarah Orne Jewett - A White Heron

2. Sarah Orne Jewett - The Dulham Sisters



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so commonplace, so unassuming, so normal, are the very embodiment of the strength of man's will, of his delight in matching his powers with the mighty forces of the ocean. When these men come back to live in local villages their existence is vibrating with past and future."¹ In Deephaven the yarns of Captain Horn, Captain Lant and other old-time mariners are filled with deeds of daring and courage on the high seas. Captain Sands, one of the most prominent citizens of Deephaven, is one of the most talkative of the sea-faring men. Each of the treasures in his old ware house carries a story that he is only too willing to relate. Some of these might well be the result of endless talks with Captain Dan over at Wells or the tales that little Sarah listened to when elderly sea captains came to visit her grandfather.

With the exception of these ancient mariners and an occasional minister, men do not play an important part in Miss Jewett's stories. Deacon Price, however, is one outstanding example of man's strength and courage in facing facts.

"Deacon Price went into his bedroom to make sure that the wallet was safe under his pillow. He did not reach it at first, and he groped again, thinking that he had forgotten he pushed it so far under. But although he eagerly threw off the clothes and the pillows, and shook them twice over, and got down on his hands and knees and crept under the bed, and felt an odd singing noise grow louder and louder in his head, and at last became dizzy and dropped into the nearest chair, there was no wallet to be found."²

In his mind was the picture of his son following the path across the field to the railroad station, a mile or two away. To ask his best friend,

1 M. H. Shackford: Sarah Orne Jewett in The Sewanee Review, January 1922--pg. 3

2 Sarah Orne Jewett - An Only Son

Eliza Storrow, for money to replace the town funds was not easy, but the Deacon pocketed his pride and with courage faced the long years of repaying -- too proud to say that he believed his only son had stolen the money.

Reticence

One of the most difficult of New England characteristics to interpret is that of reticence. Miss Jewett has caught the spirit as, perhaps, only a native New Englander could. In A Country Doctor Dr. Ferris says -- "for intense, self-centered, smouldering volcanoes of humanity, New England can't be matched the world over."

Her character portrayals, indicated with a few clear strokes, are excellent and her delineation of their silences is particularly fine. "Miss Jewett has interpreted the impulse to reticence, has accounted for the temperament of these watchful, guarded folk who imitate the granite impenetrability of their natural surroundings."¹

Mrs. Todd takes her friend to where the pennyroyal grows. The sweet fragrance of it is in the air and Mrs. Todd tells not so much in words, as in the silences when she looks away, of the man she loved but did not marry. "I liked Nathan and he never knew. But this pennyroyal always reminded me as I'd sit and gather it and hear him talkin' -- it would always remind me of -- the other one."

Out of the simplest happenings Miss Jewett was able to create the impression that arises from characters who win their own self respect from the forgetfulness of self and whose shy kindnesses are marked by protective silences. The end of The Hiltons' Holiday is characteristic.

"A lamp was lighted in the house, the happy children were talking together, and supper was waiting. The father and mother lingered for a moment outside and looked down over the shadowy fields; then they went in without speaking. The day was over, and they shut the door."

1 M. H. Shackford: Sara Orne Jewett in The Sewanee Review, January 1922

The opening paragraph of The Bowden Reunion expresses better than any other of Miss Jewett's stories this phase of New England nature.

"It is very rare in country life, where high days and holidays are few, that any occasion of general interest proves to be less than great. Such is the hidden fire of enthusiasm in the New England nature that once given an outlet, it shines forth with almost volcanic light and heat. In quiet neighborhoods such inward force does not waste itself upon those petty excitements of every day that belong to cities, but when, at intervals, the altars to patriotism, to friendship, to the ties of kindred, are reared in our familiar fields, then the fires glow, the flames come up as if from the inexhaustible burning heart of the earth; the primal fires break through the granite dust in which our souls are set. Each heart is warm and every face shines with the ancient light. Such a day as this has transfiguring powers, and easily makes friends of those who have been cold-hearted, and gives to those who are dumb their chance to speak, and lends some beauty to the plainest face."

Endurance

When Sarah Jewett was thirteen, she read Harriet Beecher Stowe's The Pearl of Orr's Island, a novel about the people who dwelt along the wooded sea coast and by the decaying shipless harbors of Maine. The first chapters opened her eyes. Her father had already instilled in her his keen interest in the quiet village life and the dull routine of the farms. Now she began to follow the old shore paths from one gray, weather-beaten house to another more eagerly than ever before. In the inhabitants of these homes she found people whose ways of life were narrow and precise, yet guided by a wisdom that had its roots in the widest sort of experience. Hardly conscious of the world and its ways, "they resisted change and relinquished a hold on their ways only when death cut them down; they were not the fine flower of tradition, but rather the last rose on a withered and hopelessly aged bush."¹

Change is sometimes inevitable and in the face of it one of the characteristics that most impressed Miss Jewett was the spirit of endurance. For instance, in The Town Poor Rebecca and Mandana have been left penniless by their father, Deacon Bray, at best a poor provider. With practically no way of earning their own living they are boarded out in miserable fashion with anyone who will bid for them. Complaint is the farthest from their minds as they entertain visitors in the cold, unpainted, upper room of the Janes farmhouse.

1 C. Hartley Grattan: Sarah Orne Jewett in The Bookman, May 1929

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry must be clearly documented, including the date, amount, and purpose of the transaction. This ensures transparency and allows for easy reconciliation of accounts.

Furthermore, it is noted that regular audits are essential to identify any discrepancies or errors early on. By conducting these checks frequently, potential issues can be resolved before they escalate into larger problems. This proactive approach helps in maintaining the integrity of the financial data.

In addition, the document highlights the need for proper categorization of expenses. Each entry should be assigned to a specific account or department to facilitate accurate reporting and budgeting. This systematic method is crucial for effective financial management and for providing clear insights into the organization's financial health.

Overall, the document serves as a guide for ensuring that all financial activities are properly recorded and managed. It provides a framework for establishing robust internal controls and for fostering a culture of accountability and precision in all financial dealings.

"They know well's we do that changes must come, and we'd been so wanted to our home things that this come hard at first; but then they felt for us, I know just as well's can be. 'Twill soon be summer again, an 't is real pleasant right out in the fields here, when there ain't too hot a spell. I've got to know a sight o' singin' birds since we come.... You an' Miss Trimble have happened on a kind of poor day, you know. Soon's I git me some stout shoes an rubbers, as Mandy says, I can fetch home plenty o' little dry boughs o' pine; you remember I was always a great hand to roam in the woods? If we could only have a front room, so 't we could look out on the road an' see passin', an' was shod for meetin', I don' know's we should complain."

But if patient endurance was the outstanding quality in Rebecca and Mandy it had its equal in the kindness of Mrs. Trimble --

"I consider myself to blame. I haven't no words of accusation for nobody else, an' I ain't one to take comfort in calling names to the board o' selec' men. I make no reproaches, an' I take it all on my own shoulders; but I'm goin' to stir about me, I tell you! I should be sca't to wake up in heaven, an' hear anybody there ask how the Bray girls was."

In The Country of the Pointed Firs Mrs. Todd speaks with peculiar wisdom when she looks at a tall ash tree growing just inside a field fence.

"Last time I was up this way that tree was kind of drooping and discouraged. Grown trees act that way sometimes, same's folks; then they'll put right to it and strike their roots off into new ground and start all over again with real good courage There's sometimes a good hearty tree growin' right out of the bare rock, out o' some crack that just holds the roots; right on the pitch o' one o' them stony hills where you can't seem to see a wheel-barrowful o' good earth in a place, but that tree'll keep a green top in the driest summer. You lay your ear down to the ground an' you'll hear a little stream runnin'. Every such tree has got its own livin' spring; there's folks made to match 'em."

There is no better example of the hidden spring of endurance than that in the heart of William's friend, Esther Hight.

"We heard voices, and William and Esther entered; they did not know that it was so late in the afternoon. William looked almost bold, and oddly like a happy young man rather than an ancient boy. As for Esther, she might have been Jeanne d' Arc returned to her sheep, touched with age

and gray with the ashes of a great remembrance. She wore the simple look of sainthood and unfeigned devotion. My heart was moved by the sight of her plain sweet face, weather-worn and gentle in its looks, her thin figure in its close-dress, and the strong hand that clasped a shepherd's staff, and I could only hold William in new reverence; this silent farmer-fisherman who knew, and he alone, the noble and patient heart that beat within her breast. I am not sure that they acknowledged even to them-

selves that they had always been lovers; they could not consent to anything so definite or pronounced, but they were happy in being together in the world. Esther was untouched by the fret and fury of life; she had lived in sunshine and rain among her silly sheep, and been refined instead of coarsened, while her touching patience with a ramping old mother, stung by the sense of defeat and mourning her lost activities, had given back a lovely self-possession and habit of sweet temper. I had seen enough of old Mrs. Hight to know that nothing a sheep might do could vex a person who was used to the uncertainties and severities of her companionship."

When the Lord had seen reason at last and removed Mis' Cap'n Hight, William and the Dummet shepherdess were married. Endurance served its own reward.

In The Hilton's Holiday there is the epitome of universal family life. There is nothing and everything -- fatherhood, motherhood, and childhood. Above all else is that spirit of endurance and the desire of John Hilton and his wife to work out a fair existence for their children. "Contented ain't all in this world; hopper-toads may have that quality and spend all their time a-blinkin'. I don't know's being contented is all there is to look for in a child. Ambition's 'somethin' to me."

1. The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country. It is a very interesting and informative study of the country's development. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is easy to read. It is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's development.

2. The second part of the report deals with the economic situation of the country. It is a very interesting and informative study of the country's economic development. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is easy to read. It is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's economic development.

3. The third part of the report deals with the social situation of the country. It is a very interesting and informative study of the country's social development. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is easy to read. It is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's social development.

4. The fourth part of the report deals with the political situation of the country. It is a very interesting and informative study of the country's political development. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is easy to read. It is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's political development.

5. The fifth part of the report deals with the cultural situation of the country. It is a very interesting and informative study of the country's cultural development. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is easy to read. It is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's cultural development.

Pride

Pride has always been a strong factor in the make-up of a New Englander. Even Miss Jewett was so proud of having her work translated into French that "no further remarks are ventured upon the subject."¹

Just pride is an admirable characteristic. It is a quality of mind that governs most of Miss Jewett's characters. How proud the Dobin sisters were of their background! How proud was Mrs. Blackett that she and William managed such a comfortable existence on their little island! How proud was Deacon Price of his own good name! How proud was Mrs. Crosby in the comedy Law Lane! How proud were the sea captains of their glorious past!

Surely it was pride that prompted Joanna, after her lover had been bewitched by a girl up the bay, to spend the rest of her life on Shell Heap Island. Surely it was pride that kept Mrs. Flagg and Miss Pickett from telling their haughty hostess that they had really planned to spend the day with her. Surely it was pride that kept the Widow Peet apparently cheerful as she left her old home.

Miss Esther had to conquer a sight o' reluctance before offering to take a guest for Country Week -- "one o' them city folks that needs a change." She rose with quaint formality and put the folded paper, on which she had neatly written her name and address, into Mrs. Wayton's hand.

"Now don't you let them send me no rampin' boys like them Barnard's folks had come last year, that vexed dumb creatures so; and I don't know how to cope with no kind o' men-folks or strange girls, but I should know how to do for a woman that's getting along in years, an' has come to feel kind o' spent."²

1 Annie Fields: Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett, pg. 70

2 Sarah Orne Jewett: Miss Esther's Guest

Imagine Miss Esther's surprise when her guest arrived in the person of a bent old man with a bird-cage in one hand and a carpet bag in the other. Picture also the two standing under a willow tree near the station platform.

"Mr. Rill took off his heavy hat, -- it was a silk hat of by-gone shape; a golden robin began to sing, high in the willow, and the old bullfinch twittered and chirped in the cage. Miss Esther heard some foot-steps coming along the road behind them. She changed color; she tried to remember that she was a woman of mature years and considerable experience.

' 'T ain't a mite o' matter, sir,' she said cheerfully. 'I guess you'll find everything comfortable for you;' and they turned, much relieved, and walked along together."¹

Pride carried Esther through a trying situation and led to a very pleasant visit with a very happy ending. "I'm going to hear from him in the course of a week. But I suppose he thinks it's all settled; he's left the bird."

Hand in hand with pride seems to go an instinctive gentility. Many of Miss Jewett's characters like Kate Lancaster and Mrs. Bellamy are well bred. Many like Mrs. Blackett "could teach one more than many encyclopedias of etiquette."²

"It was indeed a tribute to Society to find a room set apart for her behests out there on so apparently neighborless and remote an island. Afternoon visits and evening festivals must be few in such a bleak situation at certain seasons of the year, but Mrs. Blackett was of those who do not live to themselves, and who have long since passed the line that divides mere self-concern from a valued share in whatever Society can give and take. There were those of her neighbors who never had taken the trouble to furnish a best room, but Mrs. Blackett was one who knew the uses of a parlor."³

In Martha's Lady the example of sincere, generous and gentle manners is plainly infectious.

1 Sarah Orne Jewett: Miss Esther's Guest

2 Esther Forbes: Sarah Orne Jewett; The Apostle of New England in The Boston Evening Transcript, May 16, 1925

3 Sarah Orne Jewett: The Country of The Pointed Firs

1. The first part of the report is devoted to a general description of the project.

2. The second part of the report is devoted to a description of the experimental work.

3. The third part of the report is devoted to a description of the results of the experimental work.

4. The fourth part of the report is devoted to a description of the conclusions.

5. The fifth part of the report is devoted to a description of the references.

6. The sixth part of the report is devoted to a description of the appendix.

7. The seventh part of the report is devoted to a description of the bibliography.

8. The eighth part of the report is devoted to a description of the index.

9. The ninth part of the report is devoted to a description of the summary.

10. The tenth part of the report is devoted to a description of the acknowledgments.

11. The eleventh part of the report is devoted to a description of the conclusions.

12. The twelfth part of the report is devoted to a description of the references.

13. The thirteenth part of the report is devoted to a description of the appendix.

14. The fourteenth part of the report is devoted to a description of the bibliography.

15. The fifteenth part of the report is devoted to a description of the index.

16. The sixteenth part of the report is devoted to a description of the summary.

17. The seventeenth part of the report is devoted to a description of the acknowledgments.

18. The eighteenth part of the report is devoted to a description of the conclusions.

19. The nineteenth part of the report is devoted to a description of the references.

20. The twentieth part of the report is devoted to a description of the appendix.

21. The twenty-first part of the report is devoted to a description of the bibliography.

22. The twenty-second part of the report is devoted to a description of the index.

23. The twenty-third part of the report is devoted to a description of the summary.

24. The twenty-fourth part of the report is devoted to a description of the acknowledgments.

25. The twenty-fifth part of the report is devoted to a description of the conclusions.

26. The twenty-sixth part of the report is devoted to a description of the references.

27. The twenty-seventh part of the report is devoted to a description of the appendix.

28. The twenty-eighth part of the report is devoted to a description of the bibliography.

29. The twenty-ninth part of the report is devoted to a description of the index.

30. The thirtieth part of the report is devoted to a description of the summary.

Loyalty

People living in the early nineteenth century were more dependent on each other than we are today. Improved methods of travel and communication have made us more self-sufficient, but the loyalty of a true friend is treasured as much today as it was in the time of which Miss Jewett writes. It is one of the outstanding qualities of the people she came to know as she drove about the countryside with her father.

In these homes that she visited first with him and later by herself she never came as one of the country people. By inheritance, she was one of the local aristocracy. Because her father was a doctor, she was marked off by a tacit social difference that characterizes New England. She was a visitor whose background was wider. She did not see with them but all around them. Yet, however different she may have been from them, she understood them. "Even as a child she had learned the story of every family in the region and had gathered the wisdom of a kindly and much experienced soul and had come to know the lives of her people with a peculiar intimacy."¹

In the story, The Passing of Sister Barsett, Sarah Ellen Dow is the personification of loyalty to her friend. Hardly an early New England village or town was without a woman of Sarah's type to take the lead in sickness. In her we see Miss Polly Marsh, a special friend of Sarah's and a famous nurse, often in demand all through that part of the country. She had taken care of Sarah during one of her long illnesses.

¹ F. L. Pattee: The Development of the American Short Story -- pg. 242



Sarah Ellen's rule in this particular household had plainly been set aside by visiting relatives. To women of her character and general ability, tribute had always been paid in time of trouble and sickness. Such interference had been unheard of until now. "Her simple nature and uncommon ability found satisfaction in the exercise of authority, but she had now left her post feeling hurt and wronged, besides knowing something of the pain of honest affliction." Quite naturally she left and quite characteristically when she was needed she returned to nurse her friend through another illness. "'T'ain't for none o' their sakes, but Sister Barsett was a good friend to me in her way.'"

One of the most characteristic themes in the stories of Sarah Orne Jewett -- that of devotion and loyalty of women for each other -- is further illustrated in Aunt Cynthia Dallett.

"'I declare she's gittin' along in years,' thought Aunty Cynthia compassionately. 'She begins to look sort of set and dried up, Abbey does. She oughtn't to live all alone; she's one that needs company'."

"At this moment Abby looked up with new interest. 'Now, aunt', she said in her pleasant voice, 'I don't want you to forget to tell me if there ain't some sewin' or mendin' I can do whilst I'm here Aunt Cynthia, I don't suppose you could feel as if 't would be best to come down an' pass the winter with me, -- just durin' the cold weather, I mean. You'd see more folks to amuse you, an' -- I do think of you so anxious these long winter nights.'"

This is an excellent example of the way in which one woman tried to do for the other.

As a child Sarah Jewett was fond of animals. She had her own pony, Shiela, whose name she pronounced the German way because she occasionally shied. There was always a pet dog about the house. "I mourn for Crabby -- poor little dog! I hate to think we shall never see him

again. I never liked him so much as I have this summer, in his amiable and patient age. However, I had worried much about what should come next when he was blinder and feebler, and it is good to think that his days are done so comfortably. I am sure all the girls felt sorry as we do."¹

During the waits while her father was visiting his patients she gained an amazing knowledge of trees and flowers and birds. Years later in letters to Mrs. Fields she writes -- "Hepaticas are like some people, very dismal blue, with cold hands and faces..... I believe there is nothing dearer than a trig little company of anemones in a pasture, all growing close together as if they kept each other warm, and wanted the whole sun to themselves, beside. They had no business to wear their summer frocks of early in the year."²

And again "..... especially since I came home this last time to find that dear bright wise little Bobby, father's tame little bird that he was so fond of, was dead and gone. There never was a creature with so true and good a heart."³

It is not surprising, then, to see this love of nature reflected in little Sylvia's loyalty to the secret of the white heron. In A White Heron Sylvia found the nest, but --

"What is it that suddenly makes her dumb? Has she been nine years growing, and now, when the great world for the first time puts out a hand to her, must she thrust it aside for a bird's sake? The murmur of the pine's green branches is in her ears, she remembers how the white heron came flying through the golden air and how they watched the sea and the morning together, and Sylvia cannot speak: she cannot tell the heron's secret and give its life away."

1 Annie Fields: Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett, pg. 67

2 Annie Fields: Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett, pg. 41

3 Annie Fields: Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett, pg. 212



Loyalty of a woman towards her husband is in Jim's Little Woman.

Marty, whom Jim married in Maine and brought to his grandfather's house in St. Augustine, spent many unhappy weeks and months waiting for her husband to return from his last voyage. She had his promise that after this trip he would settle down on land, be a good husband, a good provider. Although everyone else gave the man up for dead, Jim's little woman was firm in her belief that he would return.

"'She thinks you're dead. No; other folks says so, an she won't!'"

"The minute his foot touched the coquina step, Marty in her sleep heard it and opened her eyes. She had dreamed again at last of the blue sky and white sails; she opened her eyes to see him standing there, with his head up, in the door. Jim not dead! not dead! but Jim looking sober, and dressed like a gentleman, come home at last!"

"She was a beautiful old woman, with clear eyes and a lovely quietness and gentleness of manner; there was not a trace of anything pretentious about her, or high-flown, as Mrs. Todd would say comprehensively. Beauty in age is rare enough in women who have spent their lives in the hard work of a farmhouse, but autumn-like and withered as this woman may have looked, her features had kept, or rather gained a great refinement."¹

Abby Martin was always referred to and always thought of herself as the Queen's twin. Born at the same time as Queen Victoria, she, too, married an Albert and named her children after the Queen's children. Abby's interest in her twin was the mainstay of her existence in a poor little New England home. A lovely gift of imagination, true affection and loyalty was in this fond old heart.

The loyalty and affection of one woman for another is not better portrayed in any of Miss Jewett's stories than in Martha's Lady.

1 Sarah Orne Jewett -- The Queen's Twin

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the United States. It is argued that a knowledge of the past is essential for a full understanding of the present and for the development of a sound policy for the future. The author points out that the study of history is not only a means of acquiring knowledge, but also a means of developing the ability to think critically and to make sound judgments.

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"In these days New England life held the necessity of much dignity and discretion of behavior; there was the truest hospitality and good cheer in all occasional festivities, but it was sometimes a self-conscious hospitality, followed by an inexorable return to asceticism both of diet and behavior. Miss Harriet Pyne belonged to the very dullest days of New England, those which perhaps held the most priggishness for the learned professions, the most limited interpretation of the word "evangelical", and the pettiest indifference to large things. The outbreak of a desire of larger religious freedom caused at first a most determined reaction toward formalism, especially in small and quiet villages like Ashford, intently busy with their own concerns. It was high time for a little leaven to begin its work, in this moment when the great impulses of the war for liberty had died away and those of the coming war for patriotism and a new freedom had hardly yet begun.

"The dull interior, the changed life of the old house, whose former activities seemed to have fallen asleep, really typified these larger conditions, and a little leaven had made its easily recognized appearance in the shape of a light-hearted girl. She was Miss Harriet's young Boston cousin, Helena Vernon, who, half-amused and half-impatient at the unnecessary sober-mindedness of her hostess and of Ashford in general, had set herself to the difficult task of gayety."

To Martha, Miss Harriet's young maid, Helena became an ideal. Despite their different stations they became such fast friends that when Helena's visit was over Martha had promised to think of her every day, to feed her little sparrows and keep the flowers fresh and pretty in the house until she came back.

Little did either girl think that it would be forty years before they saw one another again. Forty long years in which Martha learned the power of devotion to illuminate life and that

"To lose out of sight the friend whom one has loved and lived to please is to lose joy out of life. But if love is true, there comes presently a higher joy of pleasing the ideal, that is to say, the perfect friend. The same old happiness is lifted to a higher level. As for Martha, the girl who stayed behind in Ashford, nobody's life could seem duller to those who could not understand; she was slow of step, and her eyes were almost always downcast as if intent on incessant toil; but they startled you when she looked up, with their shining light. She was capable of the happiness of holding fast to a freak sentiment, the ineffable

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satisfaction of trying to please one whom she truly loved. She never thought of trying to make other people pleased with herself; all she lived for was to do the best she could for others, and to conform to an ideal, which grew at last to be like a saint's vision, a heavenly figure painted upon the sky."

The loyalty of friends is in A Native of Winby which tells of the return of one of Winby's distinguished sons. At first he feels disappointed at the lack of general recognition. Then he comes to the home of Mrs. Abby Hender and the fragrance of the boy and girl friendship is waiting for him. "The man who had achieved so much and the woman who had fought her own fight against trouble and her narrowing life met on the common ground of the democracy of a childhood spent together."¹ Abby's remark to her granddaughter at the end of the visit is characteristic, "I've always been looking forward to seein' him again, an' now it's all over."

The strength of friendship also strikes the keynote in Decoration Day. The three old men, John Stover, Henry Merrill and Asa Brown, were old friends. They had been school-mates, hardly out of school when the war came on. They enlisted in the same company on the same day and marched away elbow to elbow. Then came the experience of a great war, and the years that followed their return from the South had come to each alike. These men might have been members of the same rustic household, they knew each other's history so well. And now together they planned what they might do to honor their departed friends on this Decoration Day. "Le's see what we can do this year. I don't care if we be a poor han'ful."

¹ Arthur H. Quinn: American Fiction: An Historical and Critical Survey, pg. 327

Miss Jewett's own loyalty to the society she was depicting should not be left out of consideration. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Rose Terry Cooke pictured New England at flood tide. "Miss Jewett was the first to paint the ebb. With them New England was a social unit as stable as the England of Jane Austen, with her it was a society in transition, the passing of an old regime. The westward exodus had begun with its new elements of old people left behind by migrating children, the deserted farm, the decaying seaside town, the pathetic days as in A Native of Winby. She would preserve all that was finest in the New England that was passing and put it into clear light that all might see how glorious the past had been and how beautiful and true were the pathetic fragments that remained ... We leave her men and women with a feeling that they are nobler in disguise."¹

1 F. L. Pattee: American Literature Since 1870 -- pg. 233

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Conclusion

The distinction and refinement of her prose came out of an America, which, with its Tweed rings and grabbing Trusts, its blatantly moneyed New York and squalid frontier towns seemed most lacking in just these qualities. "In our vulgar headlong democracy she found only refinement surrounded by our democratic coarseness and crudeness. She yet made sketches that are patrician in their fastidious beauty. She worked always with emotion, but seldom does she topple over into the sentimental. She prolonged the feminine influence upon American fiction and she prolonged the Washington Irving softness and sentiment that still was keeping one area free from the tumult and the shouting of the 'Goths from over the mountains.'"¹

She was of New England ancestry, birth and training, important facts in the literary life of Sarah Orne Jewett. The country she described in her stories was her own country; the people her own people. She saw the New England country-side and people through the eyes of a New Englander.

The patient endurance, the pride, reticence, loyalty and courage that she learned to admire in her Maine neighbors she saw first through the eyes of her father. To the greatest influence in her life Sarah Orne Jewett pays loving homage in her dedication to the Country By-Ways volume.

To

F. H. J.

My dear father; my dear friend;
The best and wisest man I ever knew;
Who taught me many lessons and showed me many things
As we went together along the Country By-Ways.

1 F. L. Pattee: The Development of the American Short Story: An Historical Survey -- pg. 263

Page 1

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country. It is a very interesting and informative study of the country's development. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's development. It is a must-read for anyone interested in the country's future.

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The third part of the report deals with the social situation of the country. It is a very detailed and comprehensive study of the country's social structure. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's social structure. It is a must-read for anyone interested in the country's social future.

The fourth part of the report deals with the political situation of the country. It is a very detailed and comprehensive study of the country's political system. The author has done a great deal of research and has gathered a wealth of material. The report is well written and is a valuable contribution to the study of the country's political system. It is a must-read for anyone interested in the country's political future.

Very truly yours,
[Signature]

The finest tribute to her art was fortunately expressed during her life time by Charles Miner Thompson. I conclude my study with a quotation from this excellent article in the Atlantic Monthly for October, 1904.

"I always think of her as one hearing New England accused of being a bleak land without beauty, passes confidently over the snow and by the gray rock, and past the dark fir tree to a southern bank, and there, brushing away the decayed leaves, triumphantly shows to the fault finder a spray of trailing arbutus. And I should like for my own part to add this: that the fragrant, retiring, exquisite flower, which, I think she would say is the symbol of New England virtue, is the symbol also of her own modest and delightful art."

Digest

Sarah Orne Jewett: Her Life

In Indian times, the place we know as South Berwick, Maine, was famous because of a great salmon fishery nearby. English immigrants in 1627 were also attracted by the salmon fishery and by the good water power near the coast. From the early days of its settlement until shortly before the Civil War, ship-building was the important occupation of the people. South Berwick was a typical, unspoiled New England village. Here in a large, white colonial house Sarah Orne Jewett was born in 1849, the second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Theodore H. Jewett.

Because she was a frail child given to instant drooping whenever she was shut up in school, little Sarah was permitted the joy of long drives about the country side with her father as he visited his patients. Dr. Jewett was a wise man who knew that his daughter's quick mind could easily make up these absences from school.

Sarah Jewett was fortunate in having the advice and guidance of many learned men, but none influenced her more or was more admired in return than her father. Years later she remembered the wise things he said and the sights he made her see as they visited together the homes of his patients and friends. In these homes she gained much of her intimate knowledge of country people; here she had an unusual opportunity to touch reality. She saw New England character with its defenses down and it is to the credit of the characters and Miss Jewett that the more she saw the more she seemed to respect and love her townspeople and the people of her state.

The most significant event of her early years was the outbreak of the Civil War. This was important because of the great changes it brought about in the town and in the character of its townspeople. Shipping had ceased to be of any importance. The textile mill started at Salmon Falls drew cheap labor and the town that had once been such a thriving inland port was now pathetic in its decay.

With these changes came the one that filled Sarah Jewett with a desire to show to the world the true Yankee, the grand simple person that he was. The summer boarder arrived in great numbers in her native Berwick and Sarah feared that the townspeople and the country people would never understand each other. If she had any conscious aim in writing, this was it.

After several literary ventures under the name of Alice Eliot, her first book, Deephaven, was published under her own name in 1877. Praises of it were sent to her from all parts of the country. At the age of twenty-eight she was an accepted figure in the literary world.

Four years later and three years after the death of her father there began a close and lasting friendship between Miss Jewett and Mrs. James T. Fields, widow of the noted publisher. By far the most important result of this relationship was the fact that each was an inspiration to the other. The majority of Sarah Orne Jewett's books were published during the seventeen years of their companionship and travel together.

During the Commencement of 1901 Bowdoin College awarded Miss Jewett the first Litt. D. it had ever bestowed on a woman. She was deeply touched by the honor and by the tribute paid her father in the bidding prayer by the chaplain of the day.

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp contrast to the warm blanket of the car's interior. I shivered slightly, my hands instinctively reaching for my pockets. The air was crisp and clear, a welcome change from the smoggy atmosphere of the city. I took a deep breath, savoring the freshness. The sun was just beginning to rise, casting a soft, golden glow over the landscape. The trees were still in shadow, their branches reaching out like silent sentinels. A gentle breeze rustled the leaves, carrying with it the faint scent of pine. I walked slowly, my boots crunching on the fallen leaves. The path was quiet, save for the occasional chirp of a bird or the distant hum of a car. I felt a sense of peace, a momentary escape from the chaos of the world. The morning was perfect, just what I needed. I smiled to myself, feeling grateful for this little slice of tranquility. The world was beautiful, and I was lucky to be here. I continued my walk, enjoying every step. The sun had risen higher now, its rays warming my face. The shadows had retreated, and the world was bathed in light. I felt a surge of energy, a renewed sense of purpose. I was ready to face whatever the day brought. The morning was indeed a gift, and I was determined to make the most of it. I walked on, my heart full and my mind at ease. The world was my oyster, and I was going to enjoy every shell. I smiled broadly, feeling a sense of joy that I hadn't felt in a long time. The morning was perfect, and I was lucky to be here. I continued my walk, enjoying every step. The sun had risen higher now, its rays warming my face. The shadows had retreated, and the world was bathed in light. I felt a surge of energy, a renewed sense of purpose. I was ready to face whatever the day brought. The morning was indeed a gift, and I was determined to make the most of it. I walked on, my heart full and my mind at ease. The world was my oyster, and I was going to enjoy every shell. I smiled broadly, feeling a sense of joy that I hadn't felt in a long time.

Shortly after this Miss Jewett's health, never good, began to fail her. On the twenty-fourth of June, 1909, she died at her home, "leaving the lilac bushes still green and growing, and all the chairs in their places."

Sarah Orne Jewett: Her Short Stories

Miss Jewett's successful literary endeavors are in the field of the short story. It cannot be said that her work conforms to any set of short story rules. Each story is rather a sympathetic study in individuality. Plot, as such, hardly exists. The situations are so simple as to have little or no dramatic interest. The characters are simple people that Miss Jewett knew and loved. She wrote with real people in mind, real characters against the background of her native pointed-fir country. The atmosphere of her books is the atmosphere she breathed. Local interest frames her characters.

Of her neighbors Miss Jewett wrote realistically, but sympathetically. Although she was aware of rustic squalor and degeneracy, she chose rather to look at nature in its milder moods and mankind in its more subdued state of tenderness and resignation.

The characters are of necessity women. In them Miss Jewett sees only the heroic. About them she tells the truth but not the whole truth, because she overlooks all evidence of violence, passion, anger and hatred. She sees in them strength and hardiness, tenderness and devotion, tolerance, neighborliness, response to primal duties and especially their courage, reticence, endurance, pride and loyalty.

H. P. Spofford: A Little Book of Friends - pg. 26.

1. The first part of the report is a general introduction.

2. The second part of the report is a detailed description of the

3. The third part of the report is a discussion of the results.

4. The fourth part of the report is a conclusion.

5. The fifth part of the report is a list of references.

6. The sixth part of the report is a list of figures.

7. The seventh part of the report is a list of tables.

8. The eighth part of the report is a list of appendices.

9. The ninth part of the report is a list of footnotes.

10. The tenth part of the report is a list of errata.

11. The eleventh part of the report is a list of acknowledgments.

12. The twelfth part of the report is a list of abbreviations.

13. The thirteenth part of the report is a list of symbols.

14. The fourteenth part of the report is a list of units.

15. The fifteenth part of the report is a list of definitions.

16. The sixteenth part of the report is a list of acronyms.

17. The seventeenth part of the report is a list of initialisms.

18. The eighteenth part of the report is a list of contractions.

19. The nineteenth part of the report is a list of abbreviations.

20. The twentieth part of the report is a list of symbols.

21. The twenty-first part of the report is a list of units.

22. The twenty-second part of the report is a list of definitions.

23. The twenty-third part of the report is a list of acronyms.

24. The twenty-fourth part of the report is a list of initialisms.

25. The twenty-fifth part of the report is a list of contractions.

26. The twenty-sixth part of the report is a list of abbreviations.

27. The twenty-seventh part of the report is a list of symbols.

28. The twenty-eighth part of the report is a list of units.

29. The twenty-ninth part of the report is a list of definitions.

"The tissue of their existence is not external event, but the slow pondering of life and the still slower exchange of comment on it."

Courage is a dominant note in all of Miss Jewett's stories. Mrs. Peet, Deacon Price, Nancy Floyd, and Miss Porley are but a few of those who meet emergencies with valiant spirit.

Reticence is common among New Englanders and Miss Jewett has caught the spirit as, perhaps, only a native New Englander could. The opening paragraph of The Bowden Reunion expresses quite clearly this phase of New England nature.

Dr. Jewett had instilled in his daughter his keen interest in the quiet village life and the dull routine of the farms. In the homes they visited, Sarah found people who were hardly conscious of the world and its ways; people who "resisted changes and relinquished a hold on their ways only when death cut them down." Patient endurance was an outstanding quality in The Town Poor. In The Country of the Pointed Firs there is no better example of the hidden spring of endurance than that in the heart of Esther Hight.

Just pride is an admirable characteristic that governs the minds and actions of most of Miss Jewett's characters. They show pride in background, in good name and in public opinion. Hand in hand with this pride seems to go an instinctive gentility.

Although many things such as improved methods of transportation and travel and modern inventions make us feel more self-sufficient, less

M. H. Shackford: Sarah Orne Jewett in The Sewanee Review, January 1922 --
Pg. 4

C. Hartley Grattan: Sarah Orne Jewett in The Bookman, May 1929

1. The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country and the progress of the work done during the year. It is a summary of the work done by the various departments and the progress of the work done by the various departments.

2. The second part of the report deals with the progress of the work done by the various departments. It is a summary of the work done by the various departments and the progress of the work done by the various departments.

3. The third part of the report deals with the progress of the work done by the various departments. It is a summary of the work done by the various departments and the progress of the work done by the various departments.

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dependent on each other than were people living in the early nineteenth century, the loyalty of a true friend is treasured now even as it was then. Miss Jewett continually saw evidences of devotion and loyalty in the homes that she visited first with her father and later by herself. Her stories reflect the loyalty and affection of women for each other, loyalty of women towards their husbands, loyalty to nature and the loyalty and devotion of friends. Not the least of these was Miss Jewett's own loyalty to the society she was depicting. She preserved "all that was finest in the New England that was passing and put it into clear light that all might see how glorious the past had been and how beautiful and true were the pathetic fragments that remained."

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A Country Doctor	1884
A Marsh Island	1885
A White Heron, and Other Stories	1886
The King of Folly Island and Other People	1888
Tales of New England	1890
Strangers and Wayfarers	1890
A Native of Winby and Other Tales	1893
The Life of Nancy	1895
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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

SCOTLAND

IN

THE

REIGN

OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

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IN

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REIGN

OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF

SCOTLAND

With the exception of Verses by Sarah Orne Jewett, privately printed for her friends in 1916, all of Miss Jewett's work was published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Many of her less important stories still remain uncollected in a great variety of magazines of her time.

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